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The following are selected out of several millions of cases, furnished by a single agent, in a most sensible letter, to prove the never-to-be-enough-wondered-at wonderful efficacy of the Hy-gee-wo-ian Medicines.

MOST RESPECTED SIR,

Having been appointed your agent, and, therefore, influenced, like yourself, by the most disinterested motives, I make it a point to recommend them on all occasions, and always in sufficiently large doses, on which I observe you lay peculiar stress; and very justly; for does it not follow, as a matter of course, that if six pills do a certain quantity of good, six thousand must, as a natural consequence, do six thousand times as much more good, and the patient must be six thousand times the better for them? There are some censorious folks who insinuate, that the more pills I sell, the more money I get by them; but I need not assure you, that, in this respect, my motives are quite as disinterested as your own. Yours, ever to command,

FRANCIS FLEECE'EM.

P. S.—Please to send me a dozen wagon loads of No. 1 Pills, and the same of No. 2 Pills, as early as possible. I hand you the following cases, which have come under my own knowledge:

To the Haygent for the Morising Pils.

ONERR'D SUR,

THIS hear kums 2 akwaint you that havein lost my happy-tight i tuk to takein your Morising Pils witch i only begun with takein 5 hundred hat a time witch had the blessed defect of turnin me inside out and I felt in a very pekooliar cityvation witch discouraged me 2 parsewere and i tuk 1 thousen hat a doze by witch I was turned outside in by witch my happytight was kwite discovered witch was a grate bleisin for my whife who is bigg in the famlyar way with 12 smal childern with grate happytights all threw your pills and I ham now Abel to wurk and yarn my 12 shillin a weak So no more hat presnt from your umbel Ser'vt to command

GREGORY GUDGEON.

No. 9, Nobody-knows-where Street, Jericho,
Feb. the 32d, 1836.

SIR—I beg to inform you, that a poor man was blown to atoms by the explosion of the Powder Mills on Hounslow Heath. His affectionate wife, who happened to be passing at the time, carefully picked up the fragments, and placed them together; and, by administering a dose of the Universal Medicine, he was able to walk home, and eat a hearty dinner of bacon and cabbage.

If any person should doubt the truth of the above statement, I beg you will refer them to me, when I will fully satisfy all inquiries. I am easily found out,—as every body knows me. Your obedient servant,

GILES GAMMON.

No. 1, Blarneygig Place, Salisbury Plain,
next door to Stonehenge.

P. S.—I forgot to add, that the poor woman, in the hurry of the moment, made a small mistake, by placing the head of a donkey, which had been blown off by the explosion, upon her husband's shoulders, instead of his own; but she says it is of very little consequence, as very few of his acquaintance could perceive any difference.

THE "WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS."

"The way to be certainly loved, is to take the marrow of a wolf's left foot, and make of it a sort of pomatum, with ambergris and cyprus powder, carry it about one, and cause the person to smell of it from time to time."—*Alber-tus*, p. 12.

"To prevent differences and a divorce betwixt a man and his wife, take two quails' hearts, the one of a male, the other of a female, and cause the man to carry about him the male, and the woman the female."—*Thiers*, t. 1, p. 589.

The humbug prophecies of Francis Moore are thus turned into ridicule:

PROGNOSTICS FOR JANUARY.

Weather likely to be cold,
If the frost is very old:
If no snow should chance to fall,
Then, perhaps, no frost at all.

FOR FEBRUARY.

Rain or hail, snow or sleet
In this month you're sure to meet.

If you don't why then you want:
Perhaps there won't be one nor t'other,
Why then 'twill happen in some other.

MORAL TO THE FOREGOING.

While we venerate what is deserving of veneration let us not forget, that quackery, knavery, bigotry, and superstition always merit exposure and castigation.

COMFORTS OF THE SEASON.

Chilblains sore on all your toes,
Icicles hang from your nose;
Rheumatis' in all your limbs;
Noddle full of aches and whims;
Chaps upon your hands and lips,
And lumbago in your hips.
To your bed you shiv'ring creep,
There to freeze, but not to sleep;
For the sheets, that look so nice,
Are to you two sheets of ice;
Wearied out, at length you doze,
And snatch, at last, a brief repose;
Dream all night that you're a dab,
Lying on fishmonger's slab.
While indulging in a snore,
There comes a rap at chamber door;
Screaming voice of Betty cries:
"If you please, it's time to rise."
Up you start, and, on the sheet,
Find your breath is chang'd to sleet;
Tow'rd's the glass you turn your view,
Find your nose of purple hue,
Looking very like, I trow,
Beet-root in a field of snow.
You would longer lie, but nay,
Time is come—you must away,
Out you turn, with courage brave,
Slip on drawers—and then to shave!
Seize the jug, and in a trice,
Find the water chang'd to ice:
Break the ice, and have to rue
That you've broke the pitcher too.
Water would not run before;
Now, it streams upon the floor,
Threat'ning with a fearful doom,
Ceiling of the drawing-room.
In the frenzy of despair,
You seize you don't know what, nor care,
Mop up all the wet and dirt,
And find you've done it with your shirt,
Your *only* shirt all filth and slosh,
For a'l the rest are in the wash.
Into bed you turn again,
Ring the bell with might and main,
Stammer' out to Betty, why
'Twi'x the sheets you're forc'd to lie,
'Till, pitying your feelings hurt,
She dabs you out another shirt.

Thus far then, good reader, have we copied the sayings of Rigdum Funnidos, Gent. For the remainder of the "right merry cuts" and pleasant conceits of Mr. George Cruikshank, we refer you to the little work, which is well worth its price.

Thirty days hath September, April, June and November,
February, twenty-eight alone, all the rest have thirty-one.

THE ALMANACK OR CALENDAR

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD,

1835,

BEING

THE THIRD AFTER LEAP YEAR, THE FIFTH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF KING
WILLIAM IV. AND THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF THE UNION.

EXPLANATION OF THE MARKS.

* High Tides at Dublin Bar. † Nights of the greatest
moonlight. ‡ Bank Holidays. § Courts do not sit.
See the following pages.]